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BY L. D. STARKE.

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POETRY.

[From Godey's Lady's Book.]

HE WILL REMEMBER THEE.

WILLIAM RODRICK LAWRENCE.

He will remember thee,

though others I forget,

though I will ever be with me

like the bright sun shall set;

and though I am ever speaking eye

beauty ever seem—

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somewhere but these confounded flies, and they seem never to need summer recreation. Heighho! well I guess I might as well answer the old gentleman's letter.—Gad! I couldn't say a press of business prevented."

In a few moments the drowsy stillness of the room was interrupted, by the pen scratching quickly over the paper, and before the letter was concluded an impatient rap was heard at the door. Fred had not time to assume a business-like air, and call out, "come in," before the door was opened with a "how are you, old fellow? Back again all safe, you see," and the young lawyer's particular crony, Jack Templeton, threw himself into his friend's comfortable arm-chair.

"By Jove, Jack, I'm glad to see you; where did you drop from?"

"Not from the gallows yet, Fred, my boy; but I only got home last night from 'doing the tower of the lakes,' as a fashionable, 'fair fat' (but wasn't she fat?) 'and forty,' lady of New York told me she had done."

"But you surely don't intend to stay in town during the dog-days, do you?" asked Fred.

"Not I! I'm on the wing again directly, and it'll be Newport this time, so pack up your traps and come along. I'll be your banker till you get your first case."

"Thank you, Jack," said Frederic Grayson, warmly, whilst a fine glow spread over his face, "but there's no need of that. I always manage to live within my income, you know."

"I'll be hanged if that isn't more than I do sometimes, rich as I am," broke in Jack.

"Indeed," continued Fred, "without heeding the interruption, 'business is looking up. Some poor fellow gave me twenty-five dollars the other day for 'an opinion' it wasn't much of an opinion, to be sure; but he had more money than brains, so I pocketed it."

"Then you'll run down to Newport with me for a month?"

"I'll not promise for a month, till I see how my purse holds out, but I'm your man for two weeks, at any rate. When do we start?"

"To-morrow, if you are ready."

"Well, my friend, that will depend upon that respectable lady, Mrs. O'Flaherty, who kindly takes charge of the washable part of my wardrobe. In fact, so jealously does she guard it, that she only returns me a limited number of pieces at a time; and if she was not a woman, I should suspect that some of the articles were worn before they were sent back. Why, Jack, I could support a wife on what shirts, handkerchiefs and stockings cost me."

"Well, let's hunt up your friend O'Flaherty, and be off to-morrow."

"Just wait a few moments, old fellow, till I superscribe myself 'your most affectionate and dutiful nephew,' to the governor. I am not dutiful though, I'll be hanged if I am. The good man is as great a maneuverer in the matrimonial line as any snuff-taking, tea-drinking old woman could be. I got a letter from him this morning, urging me to hurry down to Beechhurst, as there was a great heiress staying with my cousin Lizzie. According to uncle Fred, she has all the beauties and virtues under the sun, her immense wealth being the principal one, I suppose."

"Who is she?" asked Mr. Templeton.

"I don't know. Some school girl acquaintance of Lizzie's, I suppose, but I never heard her speak of any one who is rich as uncle represents this one to be. He is forever looking out for a wealthy wife for me, and I declare the next time he does it, I'll just tell him that if he teases me any more, I'll marry cousin Lizzie. I won't be poaching on your preserves, eh, Jack?"

"Go ahead, Fred, I have no fear; Lizzie Grayson wouldn't have you if your 'head was hung with diamonds,' as the old women say, much less with an income of only a thousand dollars a year, and with a practice not worth more than a hundred or two dollars, at the most."

"Well, it is a hard case. I have a great many good domestic qualities, and I certainly require a wife, with all my soft susceptibilities and lost shirt collars, but dame Fortune will not favor me. I never could marry a woman for her money, Jack; if I could make up my mind to try, I should be sure to tell her of it before I got her, and so saying, Frederic Grayson turned to his desk to finish his letter."

Presently he looked up with a gay laugh, exclaiming,

"I say, Jack! wouldn't it be comical for me to promise 'with all my worldly goods, I thee endow?' By Jove, I'm afraid that my wardrobe and library would be all I can conscientiously call my own, and in truth part of the wardrobe seems to belong to Mrs. O'Flaherty. Marrying on twelve hundred dollars a year and prospects! Whew!"

"Come," continued Fred, taking his hat, and putting the letter in his pocket, "let's post this. I have concluded it with the assurance that I am so poor that I never intend to marry, without I find a mermaid at Newport who will be charmed with me in my Greek bathing-dress. Imagine me, Jack, disappearing from your view in the arms of a syren with long green hair."

CHAPTER II.

The two friends arrived at Newport, just as the gay season was commencing, and were soon among the most popular young men there. Jack Templeton's finished manners and fine horses, and the magnificent rumor of his wealth, made him courted everywhere; while Fred Grayson, if not quite so popular with papas and mammas, was even more so with the young ladies, for he danced, and sung, and flirted with a grace that could not be surpassed. Many a fair girl sighed, as mamma, in the chamber consultancy, endeavored to force upon her silly little brain, the fact that Mr. Grayson was only a poor lawyer, and consequently quite ineligible; and she began to question her own heart, whether ingrain carpets, mahogany and hair-cloth furniture, and a maid of all work would be so terrible after all, with a man like Fred Grayson. But mamma knew the world and came off victor, as mamma's who know the world always do; and the daughter would give a little sigh, and determine that she might without any risk waltz and flirt with the fascinating Fred Grayson, only she must not think any more of him when she was alone, but rather turn her attention in the direction of his friend, Jack Templeton, who drove a splendid pair of horses.

It was on one of those boiling days in August, that Frederic Grayson entered the hall of the Ocean House, and was met by his friend with the question, "Well, what luck, Fred? I don't believe that you caught a fish."

"Splendid luck," was the reply, "but I didn't know what to do with them, you know."

Templeton gave an incredulous laugh, and at last elicited the fact, that the lines had quietly lain beside Fred in the boat, and that he had stretched himself on a seat and gazed up into the blue sky, with a *deceitful* kind of feeling, and dreamed away the whole morning thus.

"Your face is burnt to a blister almost," said Jack.

"An impromptu! Mrs. Burtie has discovered that I'm as poor as a church mouse, and has cautioned that pretty little doll of a daughter against me. But I'm monstrously hungry, so I must hurry and dress by the time the gong sounds, and whistling, as he ascended the stairs, two steps at a time, Fred disappeared.

Dinner was at last announced. The viands on the table seemed to send up a double amount of steam; old gentlemen puffed and wiped their bald heads till they shone again; and young gentlemen pulled up their limp collars, and settled their white vests, and observed to their fair neighbors that it was a very exceedingly warm day. Matrons fanned and grew fretful with the heat, and in savage undertones requested their lords for mercy sake to lift their chairs from their dresses, for it wasn't so easy getting them replaced, goodness only knew; and young girls, conscious of their roses spreading over foreheads as well as cheeks, and of their being of a most uncommon brightness, fanned away in sullen silence, with clouds on the brow and pouts on the lip.

Fred Grayson gazed down the long lines of tables with much amusement, but he was desperately hungry, so he soon addressed himself to his soup and fish. He was about raising a large yelp, when he must admit that it was large; for full of fish to his mouth, when he suddenly put it down, exclaiming, "By Jove! Jack, look down there."

Templeton glanced in the direction indicated, when he saw an elderly lady and gentleman, accompanied by a younger lady advanced up the room, and take the three vacant seats opposite to where they sat.

A party of this kind would have been nothing remarkable probably on any day but one like this, but it seemed refreshing now, just to look at that young girl. She came up the room without a flush on her calm face, and with her white muslin draperies floating in soft, cool folds about her.

"I feel as if a sea breeze had blown over me," said Fred, enthusiastically, after another long look. "She is as stately as a calla, and as cool and dewy as those water lilies which are drooping from her hair."

"I thought you were hungry," replied his more phlegmatic friend, with his mouth full.

Fred again commenced his dinner, but presently looked up to encounter the full light of a pair of the finest hazel eyes he had ever seen.

He lowered his head and whispered anxiously,

"I say, Jack! do I look as red as a boiled lobster?"

The answer, in a key low enough to be heard across the table, was,

"Yes, you look like the very deuce."

In spite of this unsatisfactory reply, Fred could not for the life of him help glancing over at his fair neighbor again. There was a merry light dancing in her eyes, which she soon veiled with their white lids and long fringes, but the smile kept dimpling and playing around her mouth in spite of her, and when soon after Fred again looked across and caught her eye, an unrestrained smile spread over both their faces.

The two friends lingered over their dessert till the party opposite rose to leave the table, and Grayson watched in vain to see if any of his numerous acquaintance recognized them, as they passed down the room. It was in vain also, that after this, Fred would pass over the oysters pates, lobster salad, or any other delicacy which might be near him, to the gentleman of the party, hoping eventually his politeness might lead to something more than a mere "thank you" from his neighbor, or a half comprehensive glance from the younger lady.

CHAPTER III.

"Here's a sop for Cerebus, Jack," said Fred, one morning, as he hurried past with newspaper in hand, "if the 'last news by the Baltic' don't fetch the old gentleman, nothing will."

Fred Grayson understood human nature. The last news by the Baltic did 'fetch'

Mr. Mason, and Fred assiduously cultivated the acquaintance, to be at last introduced to the old gentleman's niece, Miss Virginia Surrey. A mysterious sparkle flashed over the young lady's face as she curtsied, with a mock gravity, and Grayson began to suspect that in a war of wits, he might come off vanquished.

"Mr. Grayson," murmured Miss Surrey, thoughtfully, "pray, are you any relation of my friend, Miss Lizzie Grayson, of Beechhurst?"

"Her own cousin," answered Fred, with sparkling eyes, delighted that the relationship would most probably put him on a more intimate footing with the beautiful girl before him.

There was a spice of coquetry in Virginia Surrey's nature. She had observed Fred's evident admiration of her fair self, but she had a slight secret yet to wipe off with him.

"I passed two weeks most delightfully, at Beechhurst, this summer," continued Virginia, with a sly glance out of the corner of her eye, to see the effect of her announcement.

"You?" asked Grayson, incredulously, "I never heard Lizzie speak of any one of your name."

"Probably not. Of course you are not the cousin, who, when Lizzie and I were at St. Mary's school together, wrote to her and advised her to 'break off her intimacy with that hoyden Ginny Mason'?"

And a crimson flush suffused Miss Surrey's face and neck as she spoke, lasting but a few moments, however, for she burst into a gay laugh as she glanced at Fred's appalled face.

"You will never make your fortune at the bar, Mr. Grayson, you are put out of countenance too easily for a lawyer," continued the young lady, mischievously.

"But I do not understand it yet," muttered Fred, with a somewhat bewildered air, and a feeling of vexation that he had thrown away such a chance of intimate acquaintance, as the two weeks at his uncle's would have afforded him.

"An uncle of my mother's died and left me some property, upon the condition of my taking his name with the money," answered Miss Surrey, indifferently.

Fred Grayson was still in a whirl. All his previous prejudices were being rapidly annihilated. He had exiled himself from Beechhurst, and come to Newport to fall more than half in love with an heiress, even before he was introduced to her, and he felt ready to surrender unconditionally to the very Ginny Mason, who had been at the head of all the school girl mischief at St. Mary's, and against whom he had cautioned his gentle, lady-like cousin Lizzie.

Virginia Surrey saw her advantage, and it was with difficulty that she could keep the smiles from rippling over her face, as she demurely continued,

"How Lizzie and I pitted you, booted down to that odious Coko and Blackstone, and worried to death with clients, under a satirical light gleamed from her sunny brown eyes, 'whilst we were strolling through the woods; singing duets, or scampering over the country on Firefly and Trumper.'"

"Did you ride Firefly?" asked Fred, in astonishment.

"Every day whilst I was at Beechhurst," replied Miss Surrey, nonchalantly.

Grayson forgot himself so far as to be on the point of giving a prolonged whistle, and did absolutely stare at the fair figure before him. There sat a young girl, coolly talking of riding a horse, so fiery that Fred flattered himself scarce a gentleman but himself could mount him, her white dress breezily around her, the tip of her tiny foot just displayed, and fluttering her fan with all the grace and coquetry of a Spanish belle.

The longer Fred conversed with her, the more recklessly in love did he become, although Virginia Surrey overturned nearly all his previously cherished notions of womanhood.

Fred Grayson knew he was too poor to think seriously of matrimony, but he had had plenty of time to dream before his blazing grate fire, during the winter twilights, and he had often fancied to himself a comfortable home, presided over by a fair, graceful figure, who would look up to him with reverence; with no more intellect, perhaps, than would lead her to appreciate a fine piece of poetry, when read by his magical voice; and here he was really in love with a girl who glanced upon him like an *ignis fatuus*, who did not appear to care a fig for his opinions, was somewhat tinged with "strong-mindedness," whom he suspected had never read a line of poetry in her life, and who was, moreover, an heiress, a being whom he, in his Quixotism, had vowed never to marry.

"I know she rides like an Amazon," muttered Fred, "if she ever mounted Firefly, and I shouldn't be surprised if she swam like a duck, could trim a boat with the best sailor on Nantucket, or drive a four-in-hand better than the Russian whisker-rando who flourishes here so extensively. But then, by Jove! how she wears a scarf; it's the perfection of grace," and Fred promenade the piazza in a reverie, unmindful of the many bright glances cast upon him.

The two weeks which Grayson had allotted to himself for his summer trip had already extended to nearly a month.—Templeton was growing impatient to return home, but he saw no chance of tearing his friend away from Virginia Surrey. Fred had become her most devoted cavalier on all occasions; he rode with her; danced with her; sung with her; quoted poetry to her by moonlight; (she did like poetry after all) in short, did everything that showed he was desperately in love, except propose.

And yet the expression of Virginia's half veiled eyes, the warm smile of welcome, and the vivid blush was scarce to be mistaken.

"You are a fool if you don't offer yourself, Fred," said Jack. "Without meaning to impeach her modesty at all, one can see with half an eye that she is in love with

you; and after your attentions to her, you are doing her a positive wrong, if she likes you and you do not propose. No true woman would think for an instant of the difference of fortune."

The night previous to that fixed upon for the friends' departure had arrived.—Dancing was in progress in the large saloon of the Ocean House. Virginia Surrey floated through the mazes of the waltz like a rose-colored cloud, as her light drapery fell in soft folds around her.

Grayson had watched with some impatience, the zest with which she appeared to enter into the spirit of the scene, although he flattered himself that a sadder look than her bright face usually wore, occasionally shadowed it. It seemed too, as if the interminable German waltz would never end, and Fred's only consolation was that her partner was pretty little Fanny Butler, instead of some mustached foreigner.

With the last strains of the music the girls slowly circled toward the door, and arm-in-arm passed out to the piazza.

"Your scarf, Miss Surrey, which your aunt requested me to bring," said Grayson, as he wrapped the soft folds of her camel's-hair around her, and offering an arm to each of the girls, he continued the promenade with them. But all Virginia's spirits seemed to have fled; her gaiety was forced; and the mercury in Fred's mental barometer rose higher in consequence, for he secretly believed that it was owing to his departure on the morrow. Miss Butler's partner for the next polka at last came to claim her hand, and Virginia withdrew her arm from Grayson's as if to follow.

"You are not engaged for this waltz too, are you?" asked Fred.

There was a moment's hesitation before he answered in the negative.

"It is very close in that crowded room, and there is no danger of your taking cold here, wrapped up as you are," said Grayson, as he turned for another promenade on the piazza. Still Virginia hesitated, and at last walked forward half reluctantly, and Fred grew more in love, if possible, than before, at this evidence of conscious love and maidenly modesty.

Half an hour had elapsed since the commencement of the promenade. Fred forgot that it was an heiress, whose white hand rested on his arm, and thought only of the woman whom he so warmly loved. He poured an impassioned tale of doubts and hopes in her ear, and was not interrupted by a word or sigh. But had not his own excitement been so great, he might have felt the tumultuous beating of the heart which leaped next his arm.

"Yet I have nothing to offer you but my will and industry and my great love, Virginia," concluded Grayson, as they emerged from the shadow into the full light of the bright September moon; but he did not see the workings of her averted face, nor the whiteness of the full lips as she murmured,

"I am already engaged."

For a moment he could not believe what he heard.

"Coquette," he hissed at last, as he flung her hand from him, and with a smothered curse turned away.

A quarter of an hour afterward Virginia Surrey was again floating through the mazes of the waltz, as calmly as usual, with no vestige of her late excitement, except a heightened color on her cheek; and as Fred passed the window, on his way to his room, and saw the nonchalant grace with which she received her fan from her partner, he vowed never again to put trust in woman.

CHAPTER IV.

Five years have elapsed since the commencement of our story. Frederic Grayson no longer lounges at his window on these bright summer mornings for the tripping school girls, nor gazes with a half absent air into the square for the coquettish nursery-maids. There is a less effort at show, and more reality of business than formerly; for 'Grayson is a promising young lawyer, with a good deal more than ordinary talent, and he will be heard of yet, in the world,' say the wise men, with a knowing shake of the head. And it is natural it should be so, for during those winter twilights, the ruddy grate fire has conjured up no vision of woman's love and a quiet home, but through his half closed eyes, he has seen in the glowing embers triumphs in the Senate chamber, and his name written in proud characters beside the greatest of his land.

Grayson was sitting in his office one morning examining with a knitted brow some papers, when Jack Templeton walked in with all the ease of an *habitué*.

"You are busy, I see, Fred, and I haven't a minute to stay, but Lizzie is going to have a few friends this evening, and she says you must come. You are getting terribly uncavalierly of late." Be sure you come, for—"

But Jack hesitated, looked at Fred, and with a hasty nod left his sentence unfinished.

Fred was not the favorite in society he had formerly been. Young ladies and school girls thought him already old at thirty, and his sparkling wit, and gay repartee had become a myth in the drawing-room, to be expended with double force on his unlucky antagonist at the bar.

"Wait here a moment, Fred," said his cousin Lizzie, who had some years before become Mrs. John Templeton, laying a detaining hand on his arm, "I must hunt up a partner for Miss Lenox, and then I want you to come with me."

Fred had lately learned to regard himself a victim at parties, so he quietly awaited his cousin's return, thinking he had to entertain some dowager whilst her charge was dancing.

Mrs. Templeton returned in a short time, and taking Fred's arm, led him toward a table at the further end of the room. A tall, slender figure dressed in black, with her back toward them, was standing near looking at some engravings, and before Fred noticed whether he was going, Lizzie had said,

"Frederic, let me make you acquainted

with my friend, Miss Surrey."

The half-constrained, half-expectant air with which the lady bowed, was answered by one as unconscious and indifferent as if they had never heard of each other before. Virginia Surrey had no cause now to taunt Fred with his unwelcome face, for it was as immovable as that of the sphinx.

She could scarcely recognize the gay, dashing, rattling, Fred Grayson, in the grave, dignified man before her. The change was less striking in herself, there was more repose, to be sure in the woman of twenty three, than in the girl of eighteen; and any increased sedateness of manner could easily be accounted for by her black dress.

"You have been in Europe for some years, have you not, Miss Surrey?" queried her companion, and unconsciously he kept repeating to himself, "Miss Surrey, Miss Surrey, Miss Surrey, I thought she was married."

But the conversation went on as calmly as if there was no under-current of feeling or surprise, and when after awhile others joined them at the table, Grayson arose and bowed as coolly as if she had only been the acquaintance of an hour.

"John told me that Virginia, and yourself had met at Newport," said Lizzie, half-deprecatingly, as she looked at Fred's impassible face.

"Yes," was the reply, "and she informed me then that she was engaged to be married. Was she jilted? and the slight bitterness with which this was said, was the only betrayal of feeling."

"No," answered Lizzie, half-angrily. "Jilted! she was engaged to her cousin; a kind of family match, I believe, in order to keep her fortune among them, and she was very young and agreed to it: but the gentleman was very dissipated, so she broke the engagement, and I did hear that she played all his debts. That was before she went to Europe. Her aunt and uncle have both died since then. She is in mourning yet for the latter, who died abroad."

Fred Grayson paced his room uneasily that night. Old sorrows, which he had thought dead and buried, arose from their graves. The old trouble was to be gone over again, for in no way could he excuse her coquetry with himself, even if she had not loved her cousin; and with a deeper sigh than he thought he could ever give to a woman again, Fred acknowledged that it would be with a hard struggle, that he should meet her at Templeton's, where she was to pass the winter with his cousin.

"Here, Fred, you are a lawyer, settle the difficulty," said Templeton, as Fred approached Lizzie's cozy centre-table one winter night, "Virginia has been defending coquetry; now I—"

"I do not see how she could do that," interrupted Fred, "except from practice."

Grayson had never told his friend of the final of his visit to Newport, and when Jack heard from Lizzie of Virginia's engagement to her cousin, he congratulated himself that Fred had not taken his advice and proposed. It was, therefore, with some surprise that he heard the bitter tone in which his friend answered,

"A troubled look and painful blush spread over Virginia's usually calm face, as she looked up hastily, and then answered, with her eyes cast down upon her work."

"I was not defending coquetry, Mr. Templeton, but I do think that many girls are thoughtlessly carried away by admiration, and are often really surprised when they find they were expected to be serious."

"But you were certainly

A handsome and cheap, just
sale by the subscriber. W. P. HALL

